

Pokemon Mystery Dungeon: Balance Keepers

by hydrogion

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Summary: Balance. Balance dictated all in the land of Destia, it being the force that watched over them as if it were an omnipotent sky daddy. This was until an evil force, awoken from Destia's history tried to cause an imbalance in the world around them. Will our main character, a Piplup thrown into this all with no prior knowledge be able to save the land he knows nothing about?

1. Prologue - The Quiz

_**Welcome!

>This is a portal leading to an entirely new world, a place full of wonder and dreams, where fresh new experiences and adventures await your arrival. A place driven by the passion of its inhabitants, a lot different from the world that you are used to._

Wh-What? Where am I? Who are you? What is this? What wo-

**However, the threat of conflict plagues this worldâ€¦| If nothing is done about it then it could lead to catastrophic consequencesâ€¦|**

Wait, threat of conflictâ€¦| I don't even know where we're going, do you expect me to do something about it!? You still haven't answered where I am! I don't want this!

**I can understand your distress, but I promise. All will be cleared when you arrive to the destination. **

Why can't it be cleared now!?!

**Now is not the time or the place.**

Iâ€¦| Fineâ€¦| These better be answered when I get there thoughâ€¦|

**Before you get to your destination however, I must ask you a few questions. These questions will determine how you will arrive to this new world and what form you will possess when you get there. These questions are very important. They determine which form best suits the balance of you and if anything were to happen to cause an imbalanceâ€¦**|**

**The consequences could be insaneâ€¦**|**

Is that what's happening then? Did something become imbalanced?

**All will be explained when you arrive.**

**Now, without further ado, let us begin the questions. Answers honestly, don't stress out and you will be fine.**

**Do you prefer working alone or in a group?**

_Definitely in a group, I can't stand working alone. _

**Why is that?**

I don't knowâ€¦| When I'm alone I can't do anything. I normally understand what I'm told to do and everything, but when I'm alone I just can't seem to work. I can't motivate myself and every time I try I always end up giving up and sleeping or something like that. It's not laziness; it's just not wanting to do that specific task. It's hard to explainâ€¦|

**So you wouldn't count yourself as a very independent person?**

Iâ€¦| It's a weird question to answer. Sometimes I can be but it's really only if I have to be. If the choice to work with others is there then I'd take it in a heartbeat, but if I have to do it alone and that's that then I can normally muster up at least some energy to do it. I play it off like I'm a lot more independent than I am thoughâ€¦|

**Does it bother you if people think you're dependent?**

_Iâ€¦| I don't know. A little bit because if I'm dependent then that makes me look kinda weak right? I don't like people thinking that I'm weak, but at the same time I don't want them thinking I'm stronger than I am because I'm scared it could lead to something bad. _

**I seeâ€¦| You're doing well.**

**When it comes to friends, family and such, how do you feel about them?**

_I need them. They're the thing I thrive off of. Without them, I don't know where I'd be. _

**What would you do for someone close to you? **

_Anything, really. I don't care about myself that much, I kinda got to the point where I don't care how I am in the end, just as long as

I can make them smile then I'm happy. I can put myself through a lot of things for people close to me because in the end it's their smile that brings my happiness to me._

**How do you react in an argument with a friend or family member?**

Thatâ€¦ Is a different story. When we argue I just get angry. My temper gets the best of me a lot of the time, and I've gotten used to that. I let my anger take over and I shout back. I don't know I'm doing it. During the argument I'm almost a different person, I don't listen to reason and I stop caring about a lot of things. It's only after that I really sit and regret what I said and that's when reason and sadness comes to meâ€¦

**Do you have trouble controlling that anger?**

Yes. Too much. I don't know what it is but the littlest of things set off a wildfire inside me. Things that I shouldn't care about make me want to start fighting a wall, but the things that are meant to hurt me just bounce off me. It's odd, but yes, I have a lot of trouble controlling it.

**Do you find yourself having to put up with this anger when around people?**

Unless I'm scared of something, not really. It only really comes out when it feels like someone I care about could beâ€¦ I don't know, taken away? It's not that but I feel like that's the best term for itâ€¦

**Interestingâ€¦**

**One more set of questions. You're nearly finished.**

**Do you find yourself going out often?**

_Not really. I go out when I'm invited to things, but a lot of the time I prefer staying inside. _

**Do you ever go out alone?**

Sometimes. Rarely, but sometimes. It depends on my mood. If I'm cheerful then I might go out for something to eat and if I'm angry I might go out to the river but I normally stay inside.

**Why the river specifically?**

_The water calms me down. I like going out there and looking at the boats in the distance and the waves look nice. I normally go out in the evening too so I get to see the sun make the waves go really beautiful colours. It's like something you'd see in an artist's imagination. _

**Ah. I see.**

**One final question.**

**If there is anything you could take out of the world, what would it be?**

_I don't knowâ€¦| There's so much to take out, ranging from wars, to disease and so much moreâ€¦| It's a weird questionâ€¦| I guess I'd take out the pointless hatred. I say pointless because it's normally the pointless stuff that leads to the worse things happening, and it would make life so much better for everyone.

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**Interestingâ€¦|**

**Thank you for answering the questions.**

**From what I have seen, you seem to be a veryâ€¦| Dependent person.**

**However, you seem to not know the difference between dependence and weakness. They are not the same thing and that is something you can only learn for yourself. You can't do much on your own and you need a helping hand to get your brain started, but that's okay. I can safely assume that when you have gotten started you can do so many amazing things, but you can't do that on your own. However, you like people to think that you can. You feign independence out of fear of being labelled as weak yet you don't like the thought of someone going along with that mask you wear in case it leads to you one day having to go through something that is too much for you on your own. With all this said, you must understand that it's okay to need to rest on people's shoulders, it's okay to need someone to be there for you as you travel life's endless train journeys and plane rides.**

**You are capable of great things, I can see it, yet you don't believe it. Perhaps when you stopped caring for yourself you unintentionally stopped believing too. Your future has the potential to shine bright yet you are the only one who can ignite that light. You don't see it and I fear that this is the reason that you always seem so angry. You get angry at the things that threaten you because you're scared that it could take away the only thing you feel like you have, completely forgetting yourself in the process. The reason that your anger has gotten to this level is because you don't have the strength in yourself to stop it. The lack of care for yourself is also the reason for the lack of control. **

_**Taking all of this into mind, I have decided that the form you must possess will also be like this. You wish to be independent and you wear the mask pretty well, but although the people closest to you say they believe you, they value your dependence and work with it. Why do you think that things are so easy with them in the first place?

>Taking all of this into mind, it's a shame that the anger is the drawback of it all. You care so much about everyone else that you forget to care about yourself, which leads toâ€¦| destructive results. You dislike the hate in the world but the constant hate for everything that threatens you would say otherwise.
However, it's when you see how beautiful the world can be that you stop and question it all.

>So, a person like you should take the form ofâ€¦| A Piplup._

Wait, Piplup?!

**Indeed...**

**Now, we have everything set, it's time for you to see this world and to leave your mark. I regret to inform you that from here on out you will remember nothing of the past; you will only take in what's in front of you. Be strong, you can do this! Show them all that there is still some beauty in the world, and maybe then you'll be able to find the beauty in yourself too!**

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><p>Author's Note: This is my first ever upload and I'm kinda nervous about it all in all honesty. Please, any criticism is welcome, appreciated and wanted (in a way I guess XD)
Thank you for reading :D

2. Chapter 1: The Joining of Two

A cold blanket of darkness covered the land as cries were heard from all around, pain and fear clear in the voices of all. A few fires littered the filthy field, showing the countless unmoving bodies of PokÃ©mon, each one different from the last. From the sky, this would perhaps be quite a pretty scene, seeing all the fires glow bright in contrast the murky brown mud that was the canvas. However back down on earth it was clear that this was, if not a warzone, hell itself, the destruction of the land around them only aiding to that.

An Exploud sat in what seemed to be a tent that was submerged underground, his eyes closed and his breathing calm. He had done this many times, but this time seemed worse. It was going to go wrong, it was obvious that it would but he seemed to be the only one that realised this. However, he kept his breathing calm and his determination high. If he was going down then he was at least going to take a few of the attackers down with him.

"You ready to go out there again?"

The Exploud opened his eyes and turned, looking at the owner of the voice. An Ambipom stared back at him, a lot different from anyone else in the room. Everyone else looked as bleak as the filthy grey walls around them. None had the cocky smile that the Ambipom did, none had the obvious determination. They all looked like it was their last day on earth and the Exploud couldn't help but agree more with them. He focused his gaze back to the Ambipom and nodded. "To fight for my homeland, I would go out there a thousand times." He replied, his voice just as dark and gravelly as the area outside of the tent. He looked ahead of him and only saw the same grey bleakness that was reflected in everyone's eyes. Everyone's except the Ambipom's.

"You know, you really have to take this with a pinch of salt, the battle's only lost if you give it up." The Ambipom said, trying to sound encouraging but in the end only sounding far too upbeat for the situation. This made the Exploud glare at him, which wasn't an uncommon event. There would be a lot of times when the two would disagree on things, which made people wonder just how the two worked together so well.

"We're in a war; we can't distract ourselves with fake positivity, we need to focus on the battle at hand!" The Exploud countered, making

the Ambipom laugh and shake his head in mock disappointment, managing to only anger the Exploud even more. "This needs to be taken se-!" He started, but he was interrupted by a siren wailing. This was their call. It was time. Everyone got up and ran out of the tent, forgetting order and organisation. It was do or die at this point, and everyone was ready for what they believed to be their last battle. With one last glare at the Ambipom (who was grinning back), the Exploud ran outside, ready for war.

As soon as he was outside, the tainted air attacked his nose and mouth like tiny bugs; however the giant purple Pok  mon seemed unfazed by it. He ran forward still, waiting for the attacks to start.

All of a sudden the creatures of the darkness started appearing, coming towards them at speeds that would rival an Arcanine's. The creatures all looked like different Pok  mon yet they were all dark and twisted, almost decomposing with every breath. Exploud didn't have the time to think about what to do, he just let instincts take over and he soon found himself using Hyper Voice to blast them all back from where they came. He kept this up for a while until they stopped coming. It looked like they had driven them away, but only a fool would start celebrating now. There was no chance that once charge was all that was needed, was there? Minutes passed, feeling like hours when all of a sudden the attack started again. More of the dark creatures flew at them, but this time they were bigger, stronger Pok  mon. Pok  mon that a simple Hyper Voice wouldn't destroy. This led Exploud to start using stronger moves, Focus Punch being the first move that came to his mind. He was doing a good job of keeping them away until the attacks from the sky happened. Fire, lightning, all of the elements seemed to be brought down upon them as they tried to fend off the attackers. It was hard trying to move out the way of the sky's assault and keep the 3 enemies in front of you off, and some failed to do so only adding to the body count. Exploud was determined to take as many as he could with him and managed to do so until it happened.

Exploud had been keeping the enemies in front of him off of him but it was only when he remembered that the sky was releasing an onslaught that he looked up, to see a raging ball of fire speeding towards him. He closed his eyes, preparing for it all to end when he felt himself get knocked to the side, landing on his arm and yelling in pain. He opened his eyes and looked over to see the Ambipom laying there, the fires hugging his body and his form weak. He looked back at the Exploud and grinned, waving one of his arms and falling to the ground. The Exploud rushed over to the Ambipom and stared, not knowing how to feel. He just felt numb. He fell to his knees and blinked, disbelief flowing through him at the speed of sound. He looked over to where his enemies stood and roared, anger washing over him like a tsunami. He was about to charge at them, before he saw the ground below him steadily light up. He knew what this meant, and closed his eyes, bracing himself for the pain, the last thing him remembering was the grinning face of his former partner.

Darkness took over soon after.

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><p>"Hello! Are you okay?! C'mon, wake up!"<p>

A Cyndaquil was standing over the body of an unconscious Pok  mon, a Piplup he thought it was but it was hard to say. Those types of Pok  mon weren't from around the area, all that lived there were bug, grass and the occasional fire type like himself. He found this all rather silly though because as it were, the Cyndaquil lived right near a river, meaning that you'd expect some sort of water Pok  mon to populate the area but alas, there were none.

"Hello?" The Cyndaquil called once more, giving the penguin a slight push and giving up. He had been trying to wake him for a while and the best thing to a result that he had gotten was a grunt and murmur of words that sounded like "Am   Bi  " but that was it. The Cyndaquil sighed in defeat and took a few steps back, sitting down and looking at the area around him. He hadn't realised how late it had actually gotten, looking around to see that the earth around him wasn't bathed in the brilliant sunlight that it normally was, it was now coated in an amber glow signalling that the sun was setting. This put the Cyndaquil on edge, he knew it was unwise to wander around all alone in the dark but he couldn't stay at home, they had all pushed him off the edge back there.

The Cyndaquil shook his head, trying to shake the bad thoughts off of him like they were fleas, but couldn't help seeing the world around him a somewhat darker light now. He looked down and his back flared up, signalling that the emotions were taking over him. He felt like shouting, and was just about to until he heard a grunting. He looked around and noticed that the Piplup was stirring. He rushed over to it and helped the blue creature up.

"Hey man, are you okay?" The Cyndaquil asked caringly, trying to make sure that the Piplup was okay. He received no only mumbles of gratitude for a while and was taken by surprise when the Piplup all of a sudden jumped back and yelled in shock.

"Y-You're a talking   YOU'RE A TALKING CYNDAQUIL!" Piplup shouted, pointing its trembling wing at the Cyndaquil, the look on his face full of shock and fear. "H-How do I understand you!?"

The Cyndaquil blinked and laughed. "You're   You're joking right? Pok  mon can talk to each other, you know that right?" He asked, almost mocking the scared penguin.

"Yes, Pok  mon can talk to each other, but I'm a human! I shouldn't be able to understand you, why can I understand you!?" The Piplup shouted confusion and disbelief still painting his little face as if it were their canvas.

The Cyndaquil started laughing, and he kept laughing until he realised that the fear that was written all over the Pok  mon's face was legitimate. He stopped laughing slowly and stared back into the Piplup's eyes, noticing that it looked like he wanted to cry. "Dude, you're not a human   Well, not from what I can see. You look like a perfectly normal Pok  mon from how I see it. Look for yourself." He said, pointing over to the river that he was following.

The Piplup ran immediately over to the river and looked at it. The reflection terrified him and caused him to jump backwards in horror, scaring him beyond belief. He walked back over to the river and looked into it just to confirm that it wasn't some horrible hallucination that was planted into his mind and his heart sank when

he saw the same blue penguin staring back that gazed at him before. He sank down to a sitting position and looked ahead of him, seeing what was in front of him but not quite being able to decipher what it was. "So it's trueâ€¦ I'm a Piplupâ€¦ But wh-

"Hah, called it. I knew you were a Piplup." The Cyndaquil interrupted, making the flames on his back shoot up in celebration. Seeing the look of annoyance on the Piplup's face he laughed apologetically. "Sorry, I'm not good with PokÃ©mon names that don't live around here." He said, looking down.

The Piplup turned back to the river and shook his head, but realised that he was smiling. All of a sudden, he was chuckling along with the strange fire type next to him. It took them a while to stop, but it felt to have the warm glow of happiness wash over him as if he was getting into a warm bath. After regaining his focus, he decided to look at his surroundings. It was a typical forest, except there was just something off about the trees. Maybe it was the shade of colour, maybe it was the fact that they seemed a little warped, he couldn't tell. He looked around some more, not finding much of interest and looked ahead of him one last time, his breath almost being taken from him.

The river, that he had managed to ignore for the most part twice before, took over him. The orange glow that reflected off of each and every wave shone as if it were copper that had been polished many times over, making patterns that only the most skilled artist could begin to imagine. It was like the world had put all of its beauty into one stream of water. It was truly breath-taking.

"Hey, you okay?"

The voice shot through his head and startled him, making him jump and turn around. The Piplup realised that the Cyndaquil was looking at him with a concerned expression.

"You just kinda went blank for a few minutesâ€¦" The Cyndaquil said, tilting his head.

"Yeah, I-I'm fineâ€¦ Just accepting that I'm a Piplup I guessâ€¦ Well done for getting it right by the way." The Piplup said laughing at the look of surprise he got from the Cyndaquil. "So, uhâ€¦ What's the plan?"

"Well, I think before we start moving, what's your name?" The Cyndaquil asked. "I'm Daniel by the way."

The Piplup sat and thought for a moment. "Iâ€¦ I don't actually remember!" He said, feeling scared and confused again. "Iâ€¦ I really don't know."

"Wellâ€¦ What do you remember?" Daniel asked, patting the Piplup's shoulder comfortingly.

The Piplup sat there trying to rack his brains for anything that he could remember and almost instantly his mind was flooded with screams of pain and fear, regret and the feeling of loss and the horrible memory of looking at what appeared to be a warzone and realising how pretty all the fire looked from above. He looked at Daniel, the screams of pain still ringing in his ears. "Iâ€¦ All I remember is

some weird dream of a warzone that I had before you woke me up, but nothing after that." He said, trying to hide his fear of it all. He was relieved to see that it had worked.

"Right! Well in that case, your name from now on is Dagan!" Daniel exclaimed smiling widely and letting his back erupt again.

"Dagan? Why Dagan?" The newly named Dagan asked curiously.

"Well, I read it somewhere and it sounded cool and my name starts with D so we both have names that start with D!"

Dagan laughed and shook his head, looking back at the river after a few seconds and smiling. He didn't know what it was about the water. He watched as the copper turned to a dark red sort of shade, making him look up to see the sky. It seemed to be getting darker, but at a rate that struck him as weird. It felt like time was moving quicker than it should do, like the orange glow should have lasted at least a little longer and the change shouldn't have been almost instantaneous. He didn't have much time to think of this though as he was suddenly startled as Daniel jumped up and yelped.

"We need to get moving and fast; we're not supposed to be out here in the dark!" Daniel said, grabbing the astonished penguin and dragging him along. "Thank Arceus that I found you when I did, it's not ideal to be out alone in the dark, and that's the nicest way I can put it right now."

Dagan found himself being dragged through the forest by someone he had only just met. It was strange though, he had only known Daniel for at most an hour and he already felt like he had made a best friend. He would have tried to see where they were going but everything was a blur, it was amazing that the two of them could maintain this speed. Was it a perk of being a Pokémon? Probably.

They were only running for a little while longer before they stopped outside a giant tree. It was only, when they stopped that Dagan realised how exhausted he was. He was panting and he was sure he would be sweating buckets of water if he had his human body but he seemed to not do that as a Piplup. He looked over at Daniel to see him taking a part of said tree off. Once Dagan had cooled off and was able to think straight, he looked at the tree and realised just how different it looked from the rest of the trees around them. It looked natural, whereas all the other trees that he had seen looked disfigured and horrible. This one looked natural. It looked like a survivor.

"C'mon, we need to get inside." Daniel said, Dagan following him quite quickly. Once they were both inside, Daniel blocked the hole that he had made in the tree up again, shrouding them in total darkness. Dagan found himself in a weird sensation, not being able to see his wing in front of his face. He then wondered if he could actually reach his face with his wing and chuckled, before Daniel's back erupted once more, it calming down to only a glow in a matter of seconds.

"We have about enough time to eat something, and I imagine that you're starving right about now." The fire mole said to Dagan, his stomach rumbling as if it were a comedy show.

They both ate in silence, perhaps forced into silence by how exhausted the two of them were. It wasn't a particularly massive meal, only an apple and a few berries (each of which made Dagan feel either cold or healthy) and they both laid down where they were sitting.

"It's weird, I've never heard of a human turning to a PokÃ©mon before." Daniel's voice said from somewhere next to Dagan. "It honestly is a strange thing to be told, and I hope you understand that, at least at the minute, I'm a bit sceptical of this whole ordeal. It sounds like a lot to believe, especially since I only just met you, but the look of fear on your face when you were saying itâ€¦ I don't know, I can't help but wonder if maybe you were actually a human, Daganâ€¦"

Dagan sat there in silence, not knowing what to do or say. Daniel was right, it was a lot to ask someone to believe, that you randomly just turned from a human to a PokÃ©mon. It had only just hit him how sketchy and suspicious it all sounded, but he appreciated that Daniel could at least consider believing him.

"You say you remember nothing as well? Well, PokÃ©mon don't normally just wake up and forget everything about themselves, so either you hit your head hard or maybe that's the side effects of becoming the transformation? As I said, it's a lot to believe but you don't seem evil and it all just fits in my mind. You got transformed into a PokÃ©mon and your memory's gone because maybe you have to go on some quest to help the world out or something, just like all the old stories say. Well, whatever your tale is, I wanna make sure that you at least get to remember who you are. It may not mean much, but I'm gonna make sure you get your memory back!" Daniel added the determination clear in his voice, no matter how much fatigue tried to contaminate it.

Dagan felt a warm, fuzzy feeling erupt inside his stomach. He all of a sudden felt a large surge of affection for the PokÃ©mon laying somewhere to his left. Without even knowing him, he had saved him from whatever creatures of the night were out there, had fed him and kept him warm and had now promised that he would help him get his past back. He didn't know what to say. Perhaps happiness had overcome him, or maybe he was just so tired that the words were incapable of coming to his head. It took him a while, but he finally figured out what he would tell his new best friend. "Thanks. Honestly, thank you so much. I can't tell you how much this means to me, but thank you." He said, sniffing a bit.

By the light snoring from the other side of the tree it was clear that Daniel had fallen asleep before he could finish, which frustrated yet amused Dagan a little. He rolled over and sure enough, the warm embraces of sleep took him into its grasp once again.

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><p>Author's Note: I know, this chapter is kinda short and don't worry, I plan to make Chapters at least a bit longer than this, but here it is. Chapter 1. As always, any criticisms are welcome, because after all it's how I get better :D
Hope you enjoy the story!

End
file.